



# Captured



kidnapping

amnesia

39 1 7

## Chapter 1 by Amour

I open my eyes. I feel sore all over. I rub my clouded eyes. It took me a while to register my surroundings.

I'm in a small room made of cold steel. On the far wall of the room is a big glass window next to a door. I see a man through the window. He looked to be in his late-twenties. He was standing, cleaning a gun, facing my direction.

I tried to stand up. A sharp pain shot from my left thigh. I gasped and I crumpled back to the floor. I inspected my thigh. There was a hole on my jeans, soaked with blood. A wound, about half an inch in diameter. Something glistened inside the wound. Looks like metal. A bullet.

I tried to recall how I was shot or how I got here but I can't. Worse, I can't remember my identity. Like I got my memory wiped.

The man behind the window looked up, noticing my movement. He smiled, but it didn't promise me any good. It was the kind of smile that sent shivers down my spine.

He assembled the gun, taking his time. He loaded the gun and put it in the holster on his belt. Looking at me, he disappeared from the view. Later, he opened the door and stepped in the room. I stare at him.

"Hello, Brooke."

Brooke: My name is Brooke.

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"How are you feeling?"

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I ignore his question. "Who are you? Where am I? Why am I here? Did you shoot me? Why can't I remember anything? If you're behind all of this, I swear I will."

“Whoa, whoa... easy lassy.” He held up his hands. “Like any of that matters now. You’re gonna die anyway.”

I crossed my arms. I can't help but be sarcastic with him. “If you’re gonna kill me, why not do it earlier?”

He tilted his head and smirked. “Well, I thought I could use a little drama before the actual killing. Besides, I shot you on the leg, it’s not like you’d escape that easily.”

He’s right. Apparently, he had thought through this. “Then what about my hands? Why didn't you tie me up like any normal killer would do?”

He threw his head back and let out a sarcastic laugh. “You think I kill people just for fun and games? No.” He turned serious. He emphasized every word. “I kill for power. I don’t kill powerless persons. What’s the point of murdering someone who is already defenseless? You've already defeated them by power and capability. Shooting a tied person is a coward’s deed.”

So my would-be-killer was an insecure one. I gave him a sarcastic smile. “Then you just proved yourself a coward. Great job, mate.”

"Excuse me?"

“You shot me on the leg, therefore robbing me of the capability to walk or to stand up. It’s almost similar to being tied up.”

He considered this for a moment and shrugged. “Okay, let’s just get this over with.” He walked towards me and retrieved the gun from the holster. As he moved forward I caught a glimpse of the open door.

This guy is not as smart as he thought he is.

He pressed the gun to my forehead. I stared at him. And I smiled.

I already had a plan in mind.

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Chapter 2 by ChromeOS

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I stood up but still with the gun to my head. I kicked his shin as hard as I could with my good leg causing the gun to fly out of his hands. I reached for it. Even though I didn't know really how to hold or fire the rifle I placed it to my capture's forehead.

"Don't be ridiculous now little girl," the man said shakily.

"I'm not little." I pulled the trigger, I had just killed a man. Blood rushed through his skull but I ignored that and took his key card because it also locked from the inside.

As I limped out the door way there was a man on either side of me. Gaining some of my memory back I remembered my R.O.T.C training so I hit one guy with the stock of my gun and shot the other. At this point alarms were blaring, I knew I had to run but with the bullet hole in my leg it seemed impossible.

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